Secession bells ring,

In Charleston yard.

I know that this war,

Will be long and hard.

Washington D.C.,

Is the South’s main foe.

The northern soldiers,

Fight back roughly though.

Those darn Johnny rebs,

Those smart Billy Yanks.

Always viciously,

Fighting for their flanks.

A nation at risk,

A small, fragile fate.

It SHOULD be all one,

but they’ll have to wait.